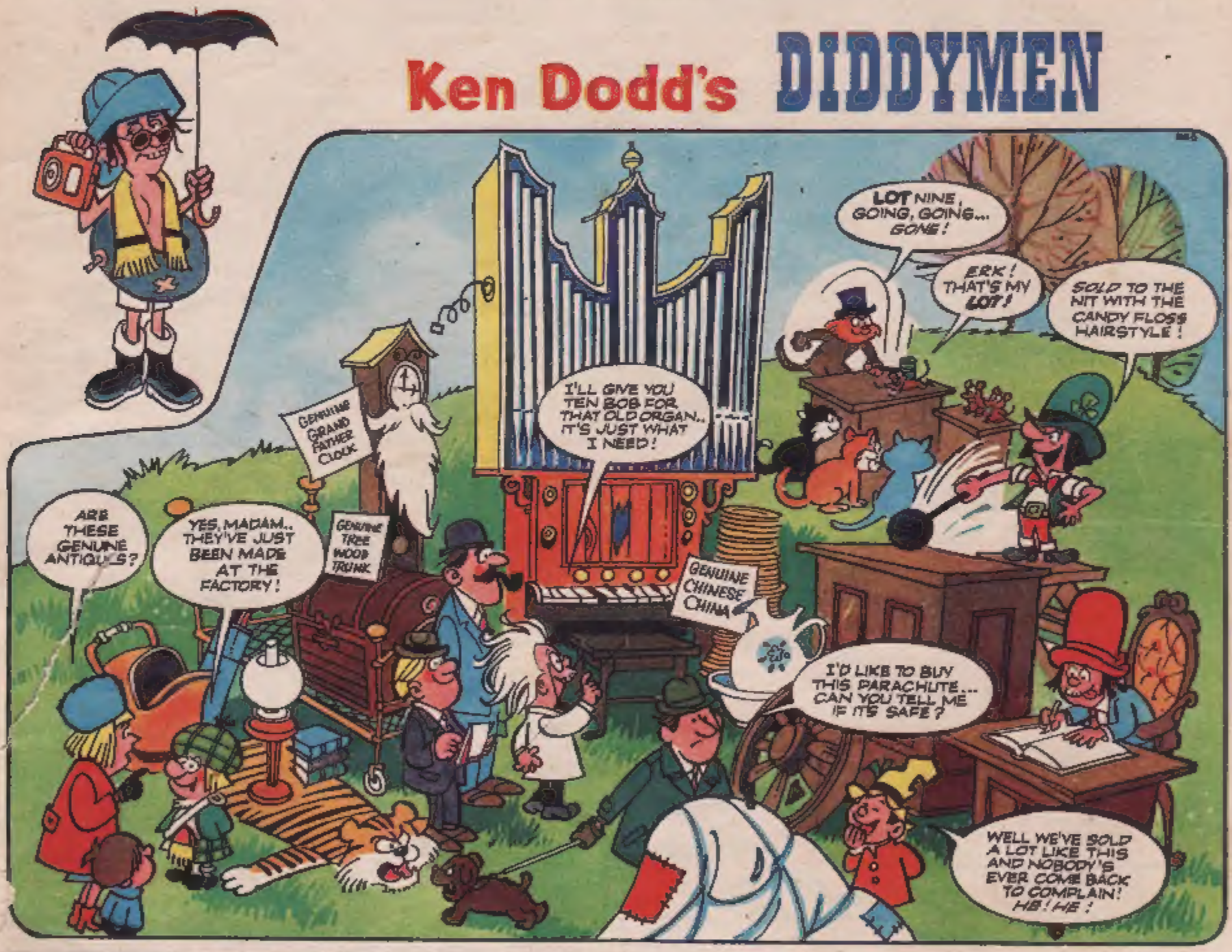
Sevenpence

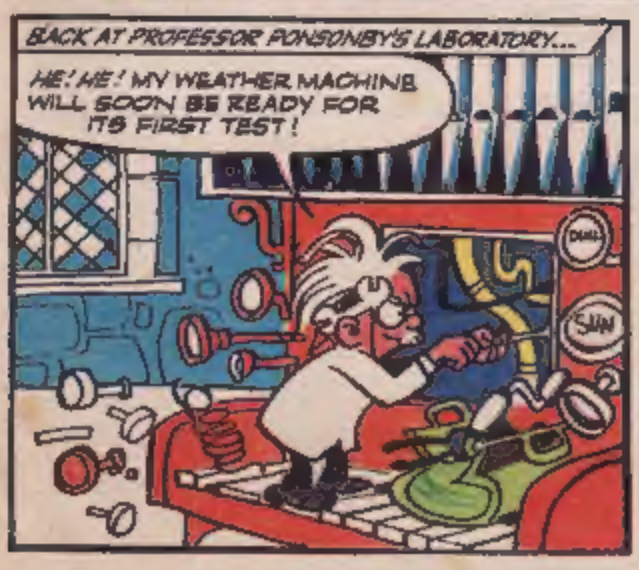
# TV COMIC

POPEYE on page16 in COLOUR

Every Monday | Week Ending 7th December, 1968 | Number 886

## Ken Dodd's DIDDYMEN


LOT NINE, GOING, GOING... GONE!
ERK! THAT'S MY LOT!
SOLD TO THE NIT WITH THE CANDY FLOSS HAIRSTYLE!
I'LL GIVE YOU TEN BOB FOR THAT OLD ORGAN.. IT'S JUST WHAT I NEED!
GENUINE GRAND FATHER CLOCK
GENUINE TREE WOOD TRUNK
GENUINE CHINESE CHINA
ARE THESE GENUINE ANTIQUES?
YES, MADAM.. THEY'VE JUST BEEN MADE AT THE FACTORY!
I'D LIKE TO BUY THIS PARACHUTE... CAN YOU TELL ME IF IT'S SAFE?
WELL WE'VE SOLD A LOT LIKE THIS AND NOBODY'S EVER COME BACK TO COMPLAIN! HE! HE!



Everything's bright and cheerful on page 2.

BACK IN THE LAB...

IT WORKS! THE WEATHER IS AT MY COMMAND... I'LL START A 'CHOOSE YOUR WEATHER' BUSINESS AND CHARGE PEOPLE TO GIVE THEM THE CONDITIONS THEY WANT!

LIGHTNING

SUN

SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WOW! THIS PROF. PONSONBY CAN GIVE YOU ANY WEATHER YOU WANT!

I'M GETTING MARRIED TODAY... I'LL ORDER SOME SUN FOR THE OCCASION!

CHOOSE YOUR WEATHER. CHARGES

MEANWHILE...

I MUST CONTACT PROF. PONSONBY AT ONCE AND ORDER SOME SNOW FOR MY SKI-ING PRACTICE!

IN A NEARBY GARDEN...

OH, BOY! CHOOSE YOUR OWN WEATHER, EH?... WHAT MY FLOWERS NEED IS RAIN!

PROF. PONSONBY IS FLOODED WITH ORDERS...

SUN AT 2.30 SATURDAY AFTERNOON... YES, SIR... ER... AND SNOW AT 2.45 FOR YOU, MR. HAMISH.. AND YOU WANTED RAIN DID YOU, MR. MINT?.. ER.. I'LL DO MY BEST! OH, DEAR!

WHEN SATURDAY ARRIVES...

NYAAH! I'VE GOT TO GET ALL KINDS OF WEATHER AT THE SAME TIME... HERE GOES!

DEARY ME... THIS IS VERY DIFFICULT... EVERYONE WANTS DIFFERENT WEATHER AT THE SAME TIME ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON!

AND SO...

RAIN AT LAST!

THE WEATHER TODAY IS LIKELY TO BE WET, DRY AND SUNNY... WITH THE OCCASIONAL BLIZZARD!

KNOTTY ASH WEATHER STATION

NOW EVERYONE'S HAPPY... EXCEPT THE WEATHER MAN! HAW! HAW! HAW!

**Get an earful of next week's laughter when the Diddymen meet Lug'oles Larrity!**

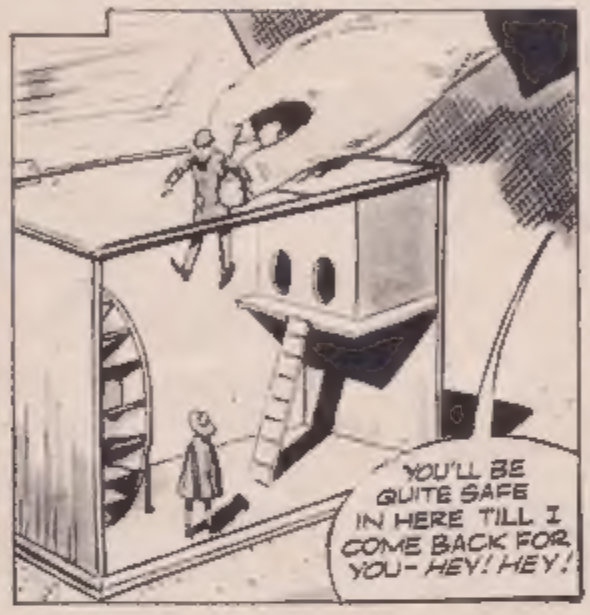
# TV Terrors

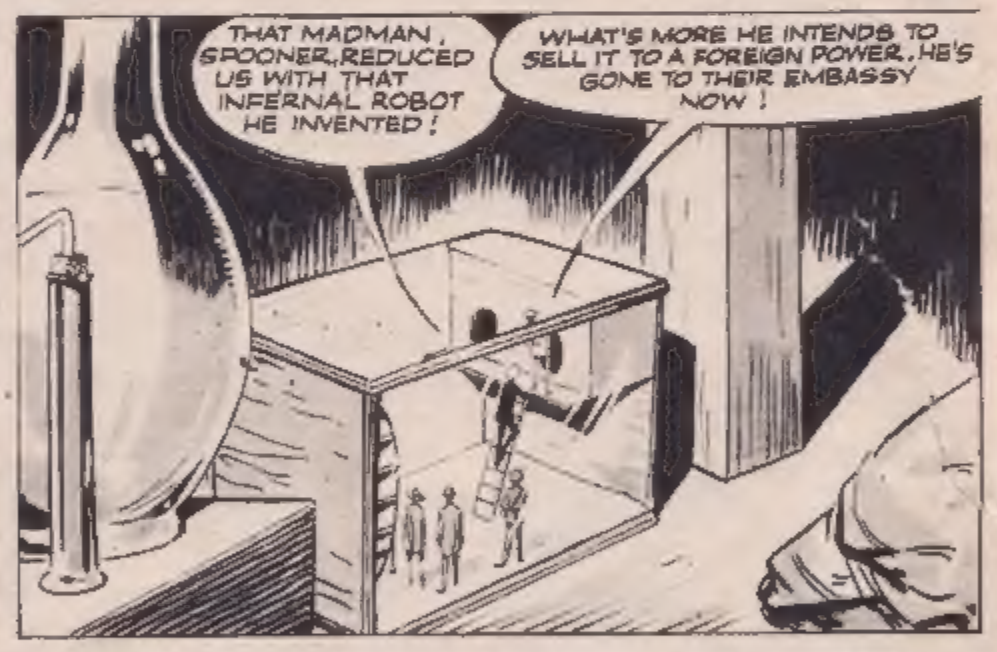
YEEOWCH!
CLEAR OFF, TERRORS!
WHOP!
SORRY, SIR!
CRUMP!
GULP! WHAT A CARELESS KICKER I AM... THEY'VE LANDED ON THE PRODUCER!
AAIK!
THAT WAS DASHED BAD BOOTING, HOPPIT... I SUGGEST YOU IMPROVE YOUR AIM OR GO AND WORK ELSEWHERE!
S-SORRY, S-SIR.. I'LL BRUSH UP ON MY ACCURACY RIGHT AWAY!
LATER, IN HOPPIT'S BACK GARDEN...
THESE RUGBY POSTS WILL HELP ME PRACTISE MY AIM!
NOW ALL I NEED IS SOMETHING TO KICK!
DE DUM DE DO
C'M 'ERE, YOU!
H-E-Y!
MINUTES LATER...
HERE GOES FOR THE TEST KICK OFF! HAR! HAR! HAR!
MNNGUNFLE! (TREMBLE!)
BAH! THAT'S A BAD ONE... HE'S SHOOTING WAY OFF TO THE LEFT! TUT! TUT! TUT!
WHUMP!
MEANWHILE, AT A NEARBY RUGBY MATCH...
SPLAT!
UK!
GRUNT! SNARL! GRR!
BILL BIGGS IS MAKING A FABULOUS RUN.. THIS COULD BE THE TRY OF THE CENTURY!
URG!
GO IT BILL!
MASH'EM!
BUT...
WHAT A TRAGEDY... A YOUNG LAD HAS DROPPED IN ON THE GAME AND RUINED BILL BIGGS'S TRY!
GLONK!
ERK!
GRR! I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN...
IT WASN'T MY FAULT... HE KICKED ME ON TO YOU!
WHERE'S BUTTONS?... AH! THERE HE IS!
DON'T WORRY, BUTTONS.. WE'LL UNTIE YOU!
SPOIL MY GREATEST TRY WOULD YOU? GRRR!
EEK!
TAKE THAT!
NEEYAAAAAAH!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL ACCURACY... HOPPIT'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE HOSPITAL AND HE'S SURE TO NEED A DOCTOR AFTER THAT TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE! HA! HA! HA!
KERUMP!
HE! HE! HE!

**Hoppit drives the producer round the bend as his chauffeur next week!**

# THE AVENGERS

INVESTIGATING the mysterious disappearance of three senior officers of the armed forces, Steed and Tara King interview a Mr. Spooner, manager of the toy department of a big London store. As he demonstrates a toy robot to them, they are suddenly caught in a strange, pulsating beam of light . . .

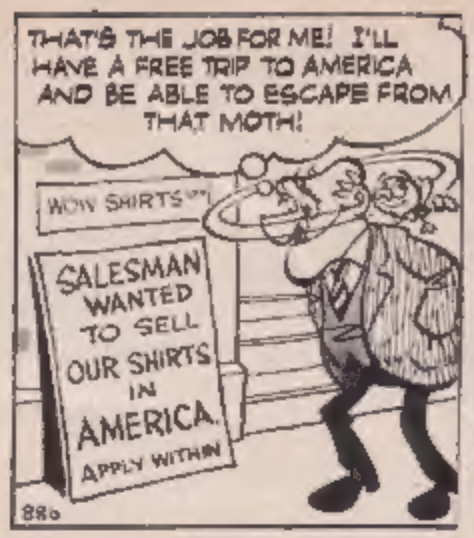


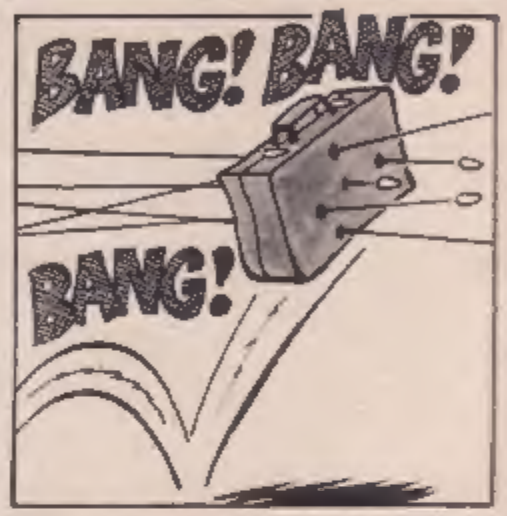

THAT MADMAN, SPOONER, REDUCED US WITH THAT INFERNAL ROBOT HE INVENTED !
WHAT'S MORE HE INTENDS TO SELL IT TO A FOREIGN POWER. HE'S GONE TO THEIR EMBASSY NOW !

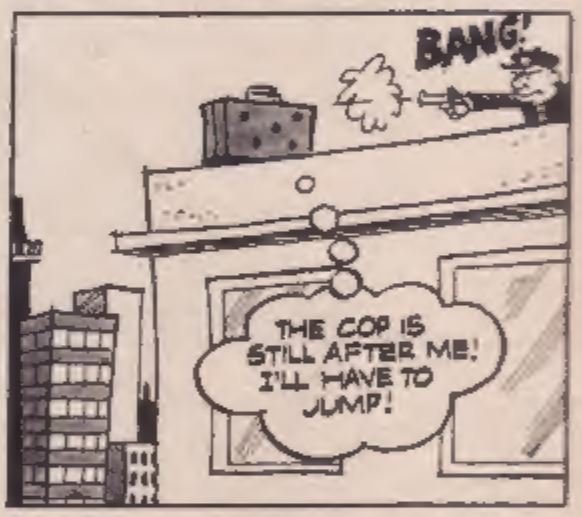
*Based on the Thames Television production*

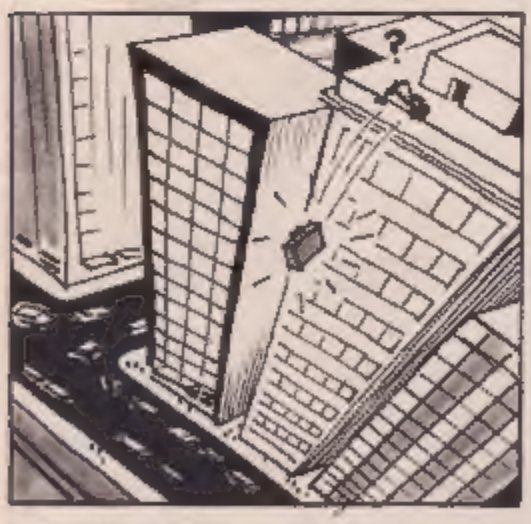
**Don't miss next week's action-packed instalment!**

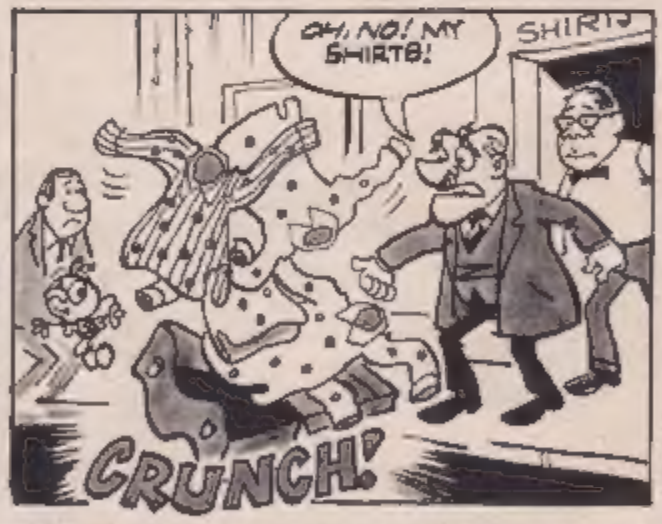
# MIGHTY MOTH


THAT'S THE JOB FOR ME! I'LL HAVE A FREE TRIP TO AMERICA AND BE ABLE TO ESCAPE FROM THAT MOTH!
WOW SHIRTS™
SALESMAN WANTED TO SELL OUR SHIRTS IN AMERICA
APPLY WITHIN





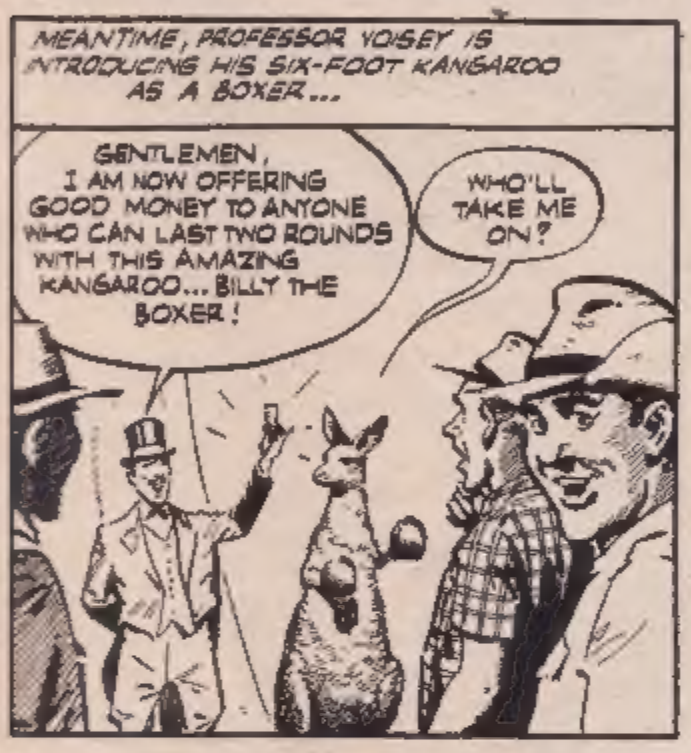


THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM! THEY MUST ALL HAVE HOLES IN! IT'S THE LATEST GIMMICK!
BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THE HOLES IN 10,000 SHIRTS?
MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION?

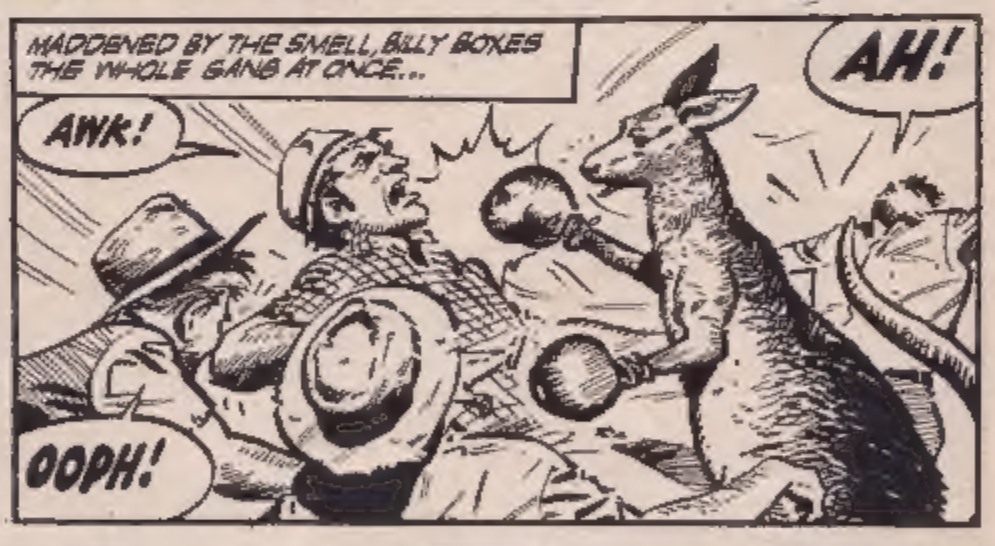
**Dad cops a packet of trouble next week when he becomes a postman!**

# SKIPPY
## the bush kangaroo

WHILE Professor Voisey, a ventriloquist, is giving a show with his 'talking' and boxing kangaroo, his gang of ruffians have been picking the pockets of the audience, stealing the shearers' wages. Sonny has gone for the police, telling Skippy to keep quiet, but Skippy has ideas of her own. She has been picking the pockets of the pick-pockets . . . and the ruffians are angry . . .


MEANTIME, PROFESSOR VOISEY IS INTRODUCING HIS SIX-FOOT KANGAROO AS A BOXER...
GENTLEMEN, I AM NOW OFFERING GOOD MONEY TO ANYONE WHO CAN LAST TWO ROUNDS WITH THIS AMAZING KANGAROO... BILLY THE BOXER!
WHO'LL TAKE ME ON?

THIS IS A TRICK, BECAUSE THE PROFESSOR HAS A WATER-PISTOL FILLED WITH A STRONG SMELLING LIQUID BILLY HATES. WHEN HE SQUIRTS THIS SECRETLY OVER A CONTESTANT, BILLY FIGHTS LIKE MAD...
THESE MUGS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE IN FOR... ALL I WANT IS TO KEEP THEM INTERESTED WHILE MY BOYS GET AWAY WITH THE CASH!



THESE ARE THE MEN WHO STOLE THE MONEY, SERGEANT, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY ARE ALL KNOCKED OUT!
THAT'S EASILY EXPLAINED, SON! YOUR LITTLE 'ROO CAUSED IT. WE KNOW NOW WHAT THAT OLD CROOK MEANT TO DO, BUT SHE SPOILT HIS AIM!

SHE'S DONE MORE THAN THAT, FELLERS. MOST OF THESE WALLETS WILL HOLD FINGER-PRINTS. SO WE HAVE THE EVIDENCE ON THEM. YOU BOYS CAN COLLECT YOUR MONEY WHEN WE'VE SORTED IT ALL OUT!
GOOD-OH, SERGEANT, HOW ABOUT THREE CHEERS FOR THE 'ROO...
HOORAY! GOOD OLD SKIPPY!
SQUEAK!

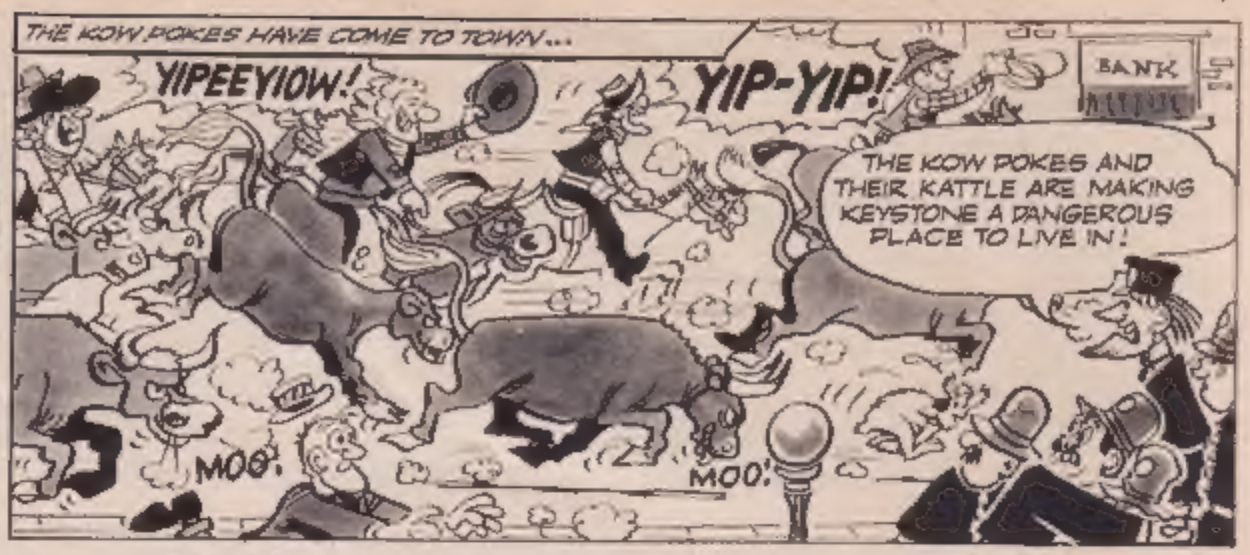
Norfolk International Films Ltd.

**Next week sees the start of another sensational Skippy adventure!**

# Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES

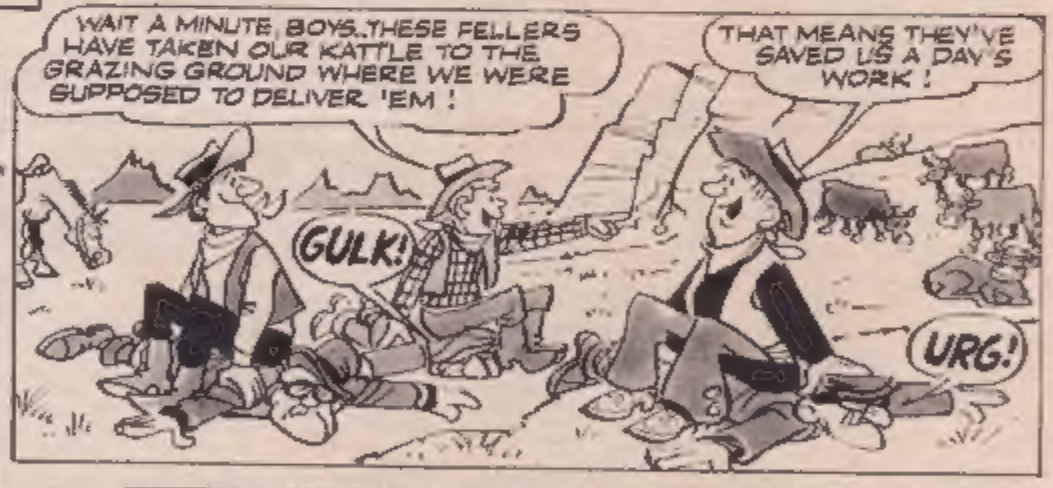
featuring

## The Keystone Kops



SO... FOR ONCE WE'LL HELP YOU DO SOME STEALING... I WANT YOU TO RUSTLE ALL THE STEERS OUT OF KEYSTONE TONIGHT!
KROOKS HIDEOUT
OKAY.. AS LONG AS YOU PROMISE NOT TO ARREST US!

GIT YER ROPES AN' HOSSES... WE'LL FIND THE VARMINTS RESPONSIBLE!
HAR! HAR! MY PLAN HAS GOT RID OF THE KATTLE, THE KROOKS AND THE KOW POKES... KEYSTONE IS PEACEFUL AGAIN!


WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS..THESE FELLERS HAVE TAKEN OUR KATTLE TO THE GRAZING GROUND WHERE WE WERE SUPPOSED TO DELIVER 'EM!
THAT MEANS THEY'VE SAVED US A DAY'S WORK!
GULK!
URG!

WHEN THE KROOKS REACH TOWN, THEY BUY GUNS AND KOW POKE CLOBBER!
YIPPEE!
IT SURE IS FUN ACTING LIKE KOWBOYS! HA! HA! HA!
WITH THE POLICE FORCE BEING TREATED LIKE KATTLE I SUGGEST YOU LAW ABIDING READERS STEER CLEAR OF KEYSTONE UNTIL NEXT WEEK!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Plenty of kackles knext week when the Krook's Boss becomes bank manager!

# BASIL BRUSH

GREAT LAMENTABLE LAPSES! IT'S 9 O'CLOCK, AND NO MORNING CUPPA: THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME CHUMMERS HAS OVERSLEPT!

ZZZZ

JUST AS I THOUGHT. SNORING HIS HEAD OFF. THIS IS TOO JOLLY MUCH!

WAKE UP AT ONCE, CHUMMERS!

OOOOOER! SORRY GUV! MUST 'AVE OVERSLEPT!

LATER...

(YAWN!) CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP ME H'EYES OPEN...

THEN RUN ROUND THE HOUSE A COUPLE OF TIMES... THAT'LL SOON WAKE YOU UP!

CHUMMERS HAS BEEN GONE A LONG TIME.. WHAT'S HE UP TO?

ZZZZZZ

GREAT DAUNTING DOZERS! SLEEPING AGAIN IS HE? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

OOOOH! H'ONLY CLOSED ME EYES FOR A SECOND, GUV!...

CRASH

PERHAPS, NOW YOU CAN KEEP THEM OPEN LONG ENOUGH, TO GET LUNCH! HAW-HAW-HAW!

WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO A PARTY TONIGHT... I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THAT!

BUT...

ZZZZZ

CHUMMERS IS LUNCH...? GREAT SNORING SERVANTS! AT IT AGAIN, EH?

WE'LL NEVER GET TO THAT PARTY AT THIS RATE. PERHAPS THIS WILL SHOCK HIM AWAKE!

HELP!

CLATTER!

CLANG

THAT'S WOKEN YOU UP, ONCE AND FOR ALL! HAW-HAW-HAW!

BUT AT TEA-TIME...

ZZZZZZZ

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

THAT'LL WAKE HIM UP!...

SLAM

(YAWN!) GOSH, CHASING THAT SLEEPY SERVANT AROUND ALL DAY HAS MADE ME FEEL TIRED. BETTER HAVE A SIT DOWN!

LATER...

MMM! LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS PARTY... AND I FEEL FINE AFTER ALL THAT SLEEP!

POOR OLD GUV. EXHAUSTED TRYING TO KEEP ME AWAKE... I'LL 'AVE TO GO TO THE PARTY ON ME OWN NOW!... PLEASANT DREAMS, GUV.

ZZZZ

**Meet Basil next week and have another brush with fun!**

# ARTHUR and his Square Knights of the Round Table

ARTHUR'S MOTHER-IN-LAW HAS COME TO STAY...

YOU OUGHT TO GET ARTHUR TO HELP ROUND THE HOUSE.. HE WAS ALWAYS A LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING!

NAG! NAG! NAG!... THAT'S ALL SHE EVER DOES!

NAG! NAG! NAG!

IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD GET RID OF HER!

JUST LIKE ARTHUR TO WALK AWAY WHILE I'M TALKING!

I CAN'T STAND ANYMORE... I'M NOT EVEN KING IN MY OWN CASTLE WHILE SHE'S HERE!

A LITTLE LATER...

THERE'S ONE OF BROADBASE'S SPIES HIDING BEHIND THAT PILLAR... HE'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!

SO... MY MOTHER-IN-LAW IS STAYING WITH US, LANCELOT.. SHE MEANS THE WORLD TO ME!

IS THAT SO?

WORTH THE WORLD, EH?.. THE BARON WILL WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!

LATER...

YEAH! YEAH! MY PLAN WORKED... THE SPY WILL TELL BROADBASE MY MOTHER-IN-LAW IS WORTH KIDNAPPING!

THAT NIGHT...

HERE COMES BROADBASE AND HIS MEN.. I'VE LEFT THE GATE OPEN TO MAKE THINGS EASY FOR 'EM! HE! HE!

INSIDE THE CASTLE...

THIS WAY, MEN... ON TIP-TOE!

TO MOTHER-IN-LAW'S BEDROOM

MINUTES LATER...

PHEW! SHE WEIGHS A TON... I'LL MAKE ARTHUR PAY A HUGE RANSOM FOR HER!

ZZZZzzz

IN THE COURTYARD...

SHE'S TOO HEAVY! WE'LL NEVER GET HER IN THE CART... (PUFF)

OH, DEAR!

HUP!

I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THEM A HAND!

SHE'S GOING... WE'VE ALMOST DONE IT!

ZZZzzz

BUT AS THE KIDNAPPERS CROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE...

KERRUNCH

GLUB!

W-O-A!... WHAT THE ?...

OH, NO! THE WEIGHT IS TOO MUCH FOR THE DRAWBRIDGE! HELP!

SPLASH!

TRY AND KIDNAP ME, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU LOT!

MAYBE I'D BETTER HANG ON TO THE OLD DEAR.. SHE'S TOUGHER THAN MY WHOLE ARMY! HE' HE!

BOP!

WHUMP

ERK!

ORK!

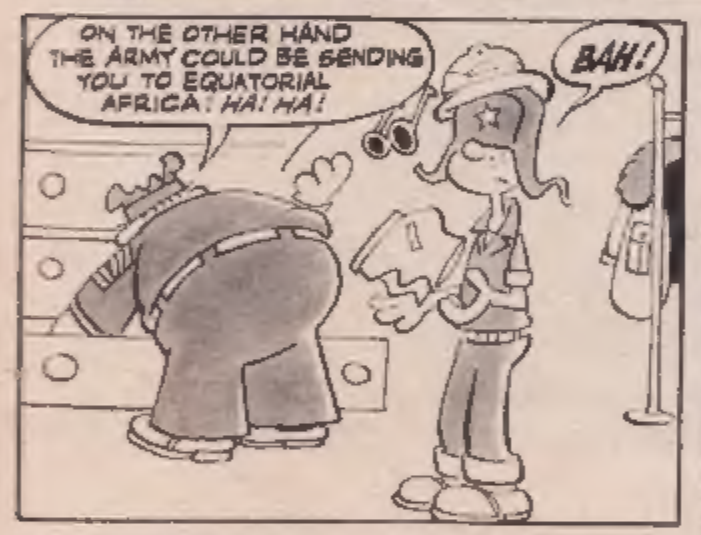
OUCH!

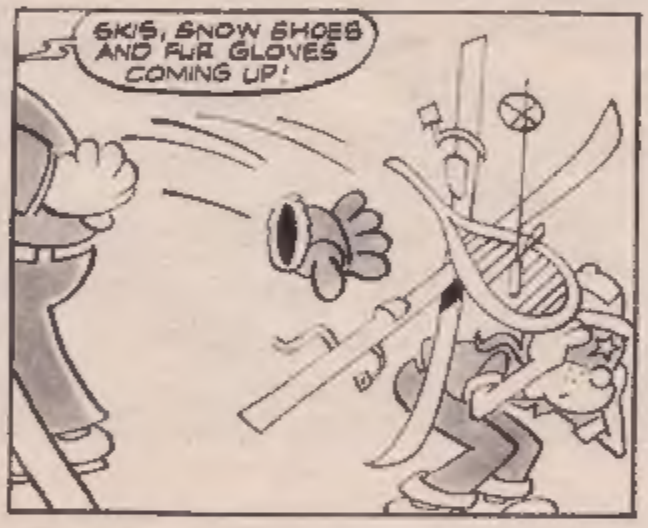
**Next week's tale is a tall story about Arthur growing to a height of seven feet!**

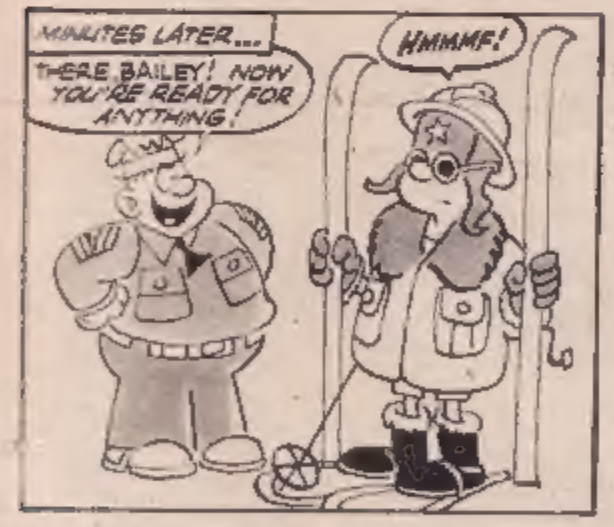
Air Programs International

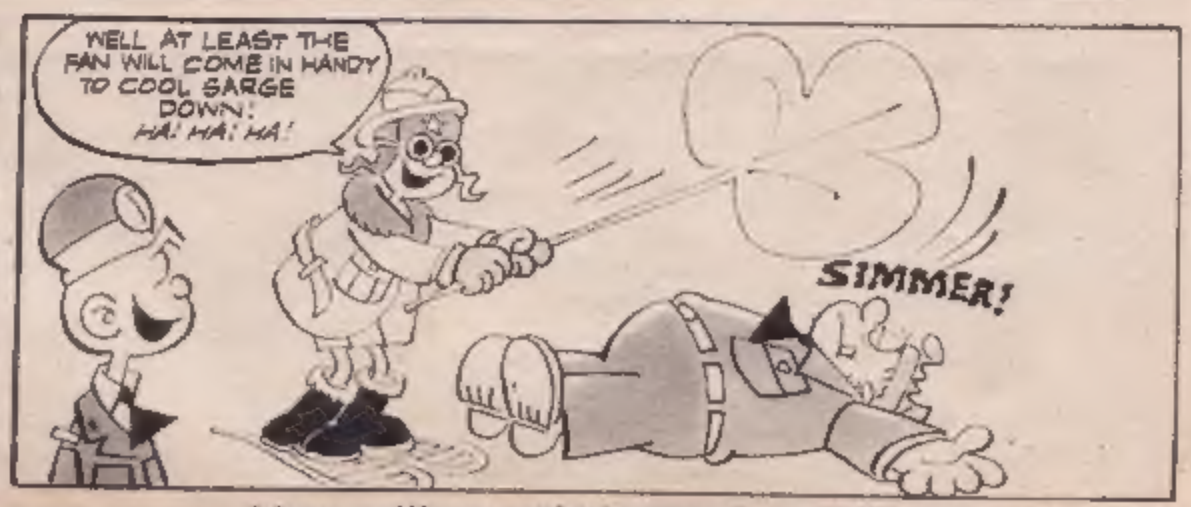
# BEETLE BAILEY

I DON'T KNOW WHERE YET, BUT I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OVER TO THE STORES AND GET YOU EQUIPPED FOR ANY POSSIBILITY! HE! HE!
I TAKE IT YOU'LL BE SORRY TO SEE ME LEAVE, SARGE? HUH!





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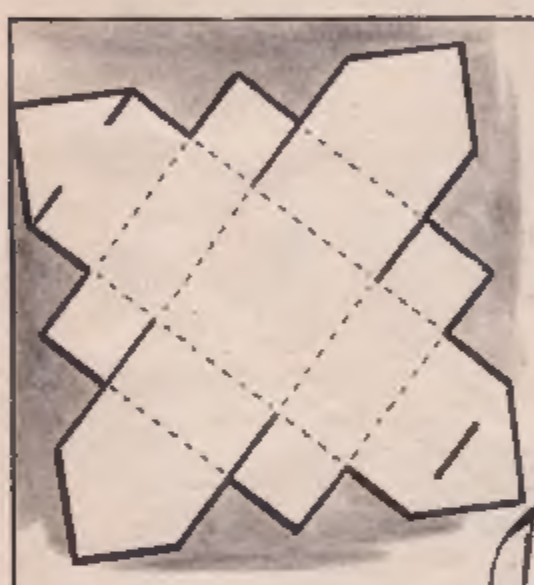
**More military mirth with Beetle Bailey next week!**

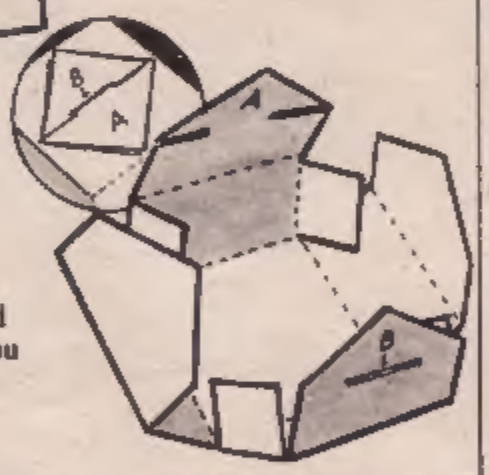
# HOW

*Sir Samuel Cunard*

## *How a famous Shipping Line began*

THE latest Cunard liner Queen Elizabeth II will soon be making her maiden voyage. It was in 1838 that a company headed by Samuel Cunard, and owning four wooden paddle steamers, started what was to become one of the most famous shipping lines in the world. The first Cunarder to be put into service was the tiny "Britannia" which sailed from Liverpool to Boston U.S.A. in July 1840, taking 14 days 8 hours for the trip. She had only two decks, accommodating 115 passengers.





## *How to make a box from a square of paper*

WITH gift time nearly with us, these tips on how to make a box can be very useful.

**You need a square of stiff paper. The diagram above shows how to mark it out and cut it. The large sketch at the right shows how you fold it, and the small sketch how you close it by tucking point A. through slot B.**

## *How frost helps the farmer*

WHEN a sharp frost occurs it is not the soil that it freezes, but the water in between the particles of earth. Water, when it turns to ice, increases in size and this tends to thrust the pieces of earth apart helping to break them into fine tilth necessary for growing crops.

## *How a King's jester started a well-known saying*

THE jester at the court of King Henry VIII was given a kingfisher by Lord Surrey. Later, another courtier coveted the bird and asked Surrey if he would get it for him by promising to give the fool two birds in exchange. The reply he received: "A bird in the hand is better than two in the bush," became a well-known proverb.

## *How can it be done?*

TIE the hands of two people together with two pieces of string, as shown in the picture above. Now challenge your friends to separate the two without cutting or untying the strings.

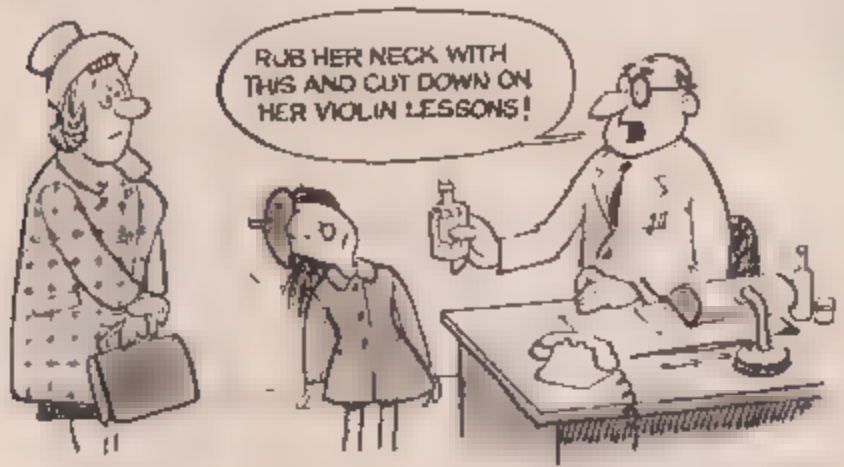
**It is solved by making a loop in the centre of one string and passing it under the string round the other person's wrist, then over his hand as shown in the diagram at the right. The strings will then separate.**

*Based on the Southern Independent Television Network Production*

**More fascinating facts on the HOW page next week!**

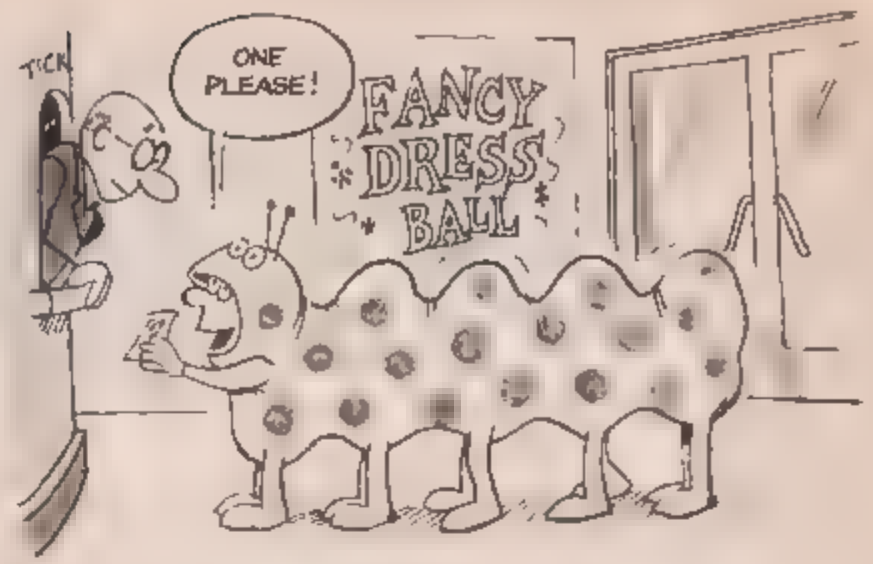
# PICK OF THE JOKES

Win £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

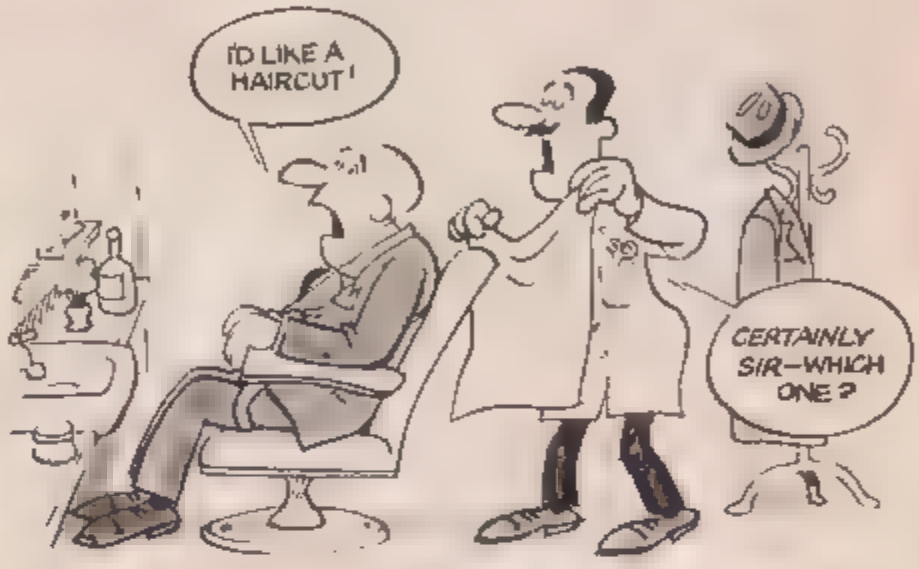



CLIFFORD HARRIS, NORTH HARROW, MIDDX

KENNETH SELWAY, NEW ELTHAM, LONDON.



ANTHONY TREVILLION, EAST GRINSTEAD SUSSEX




JACQUELINE BOYLE, LONDON, W. 10.

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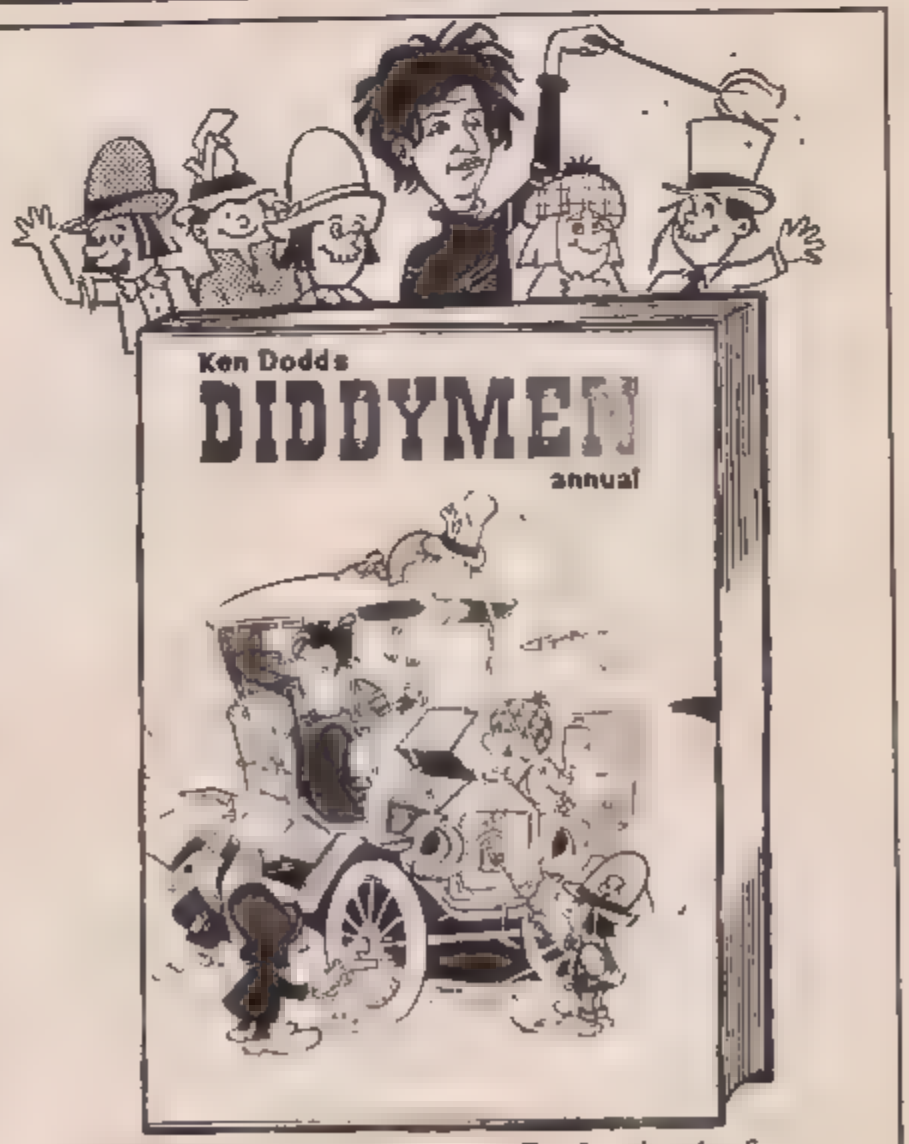


**DIDDYMEN ANNUAL** . . . Don't miss the fun with Ken Dodd's famous Diddymen. 64 pages in full colour packed with Diddy stories, cartoons and features! **Price 7/6d.**

# Larry Harmon's Laurel & Hardy

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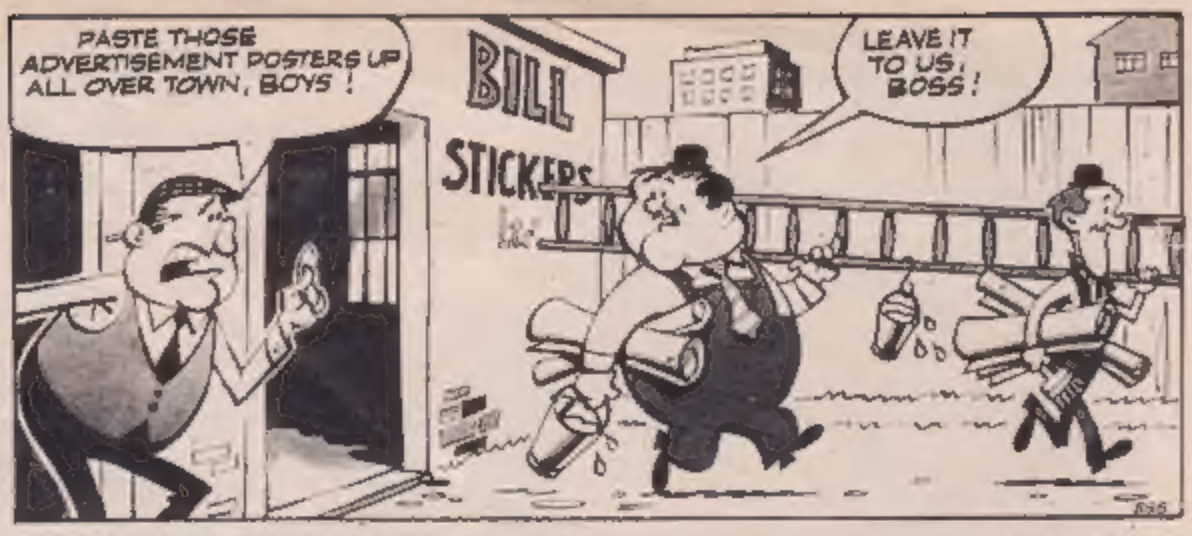
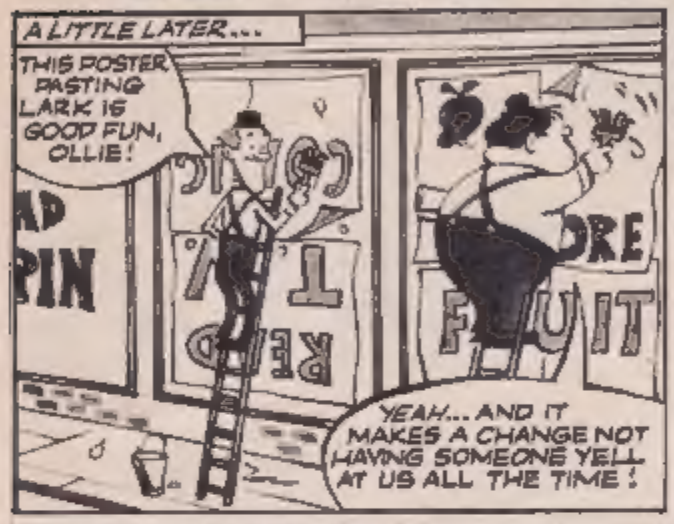
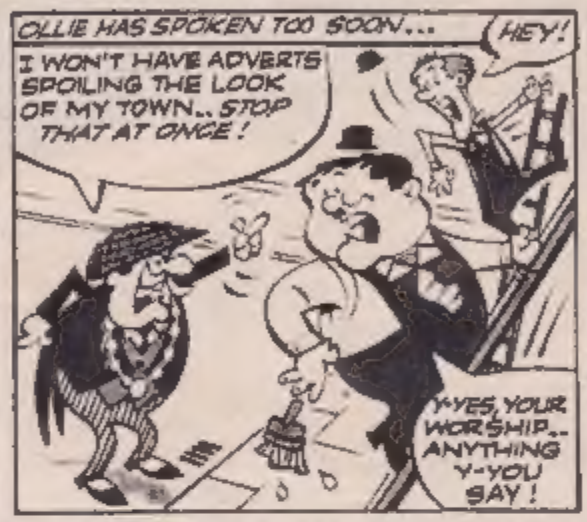
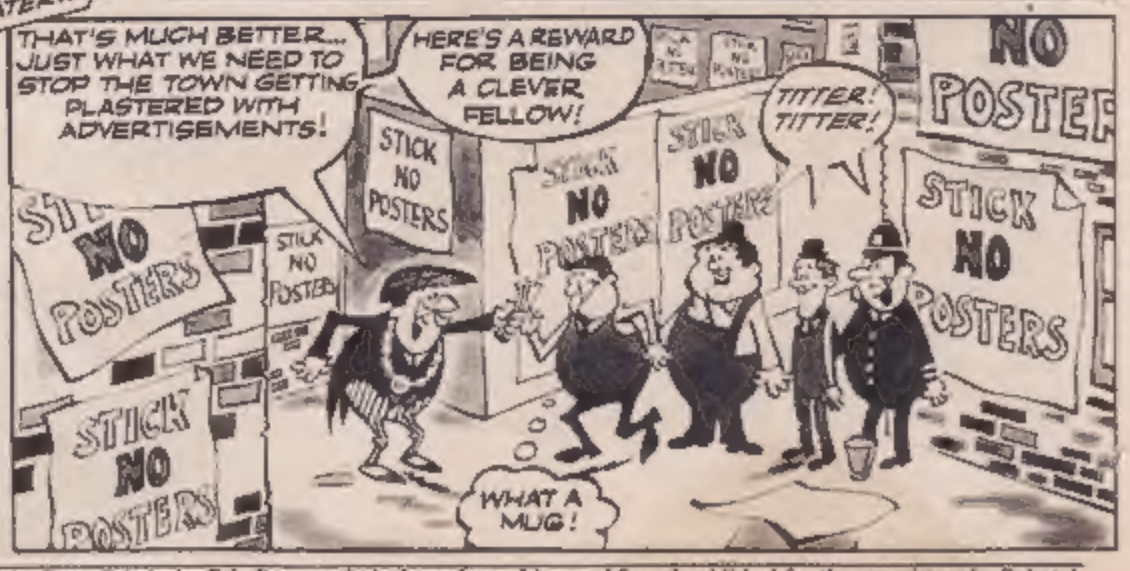




A LITTLE LATER...
THIS POSTER PASTING LARK IS GOOD FUN, OLLIE!
YEAH... AND IT MAKES A CHANGE NOT HAVING SOMEONE YELL AT US ALL THE TIME!


OLLIE HAS SPOKEN TOO SOON...
HEY!
I WON'T HAVE ADVERTS SPOILING THE LOOK OF MY TOWN.. STOP THAT AT ONCE!
Y-YES, YOUR WORSHIP.. ANYTHING Y-YOU SAY!

BACK AT BASE...
THE MAYOR STOPPED YOU STICKING UP MY BILLS DID HE?... WELL WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GO OUT AT NIGHT FROM NOW ON!
BILL STICKERS
OKAY! ANYTHING, SO LONG AS WE'RE NOT OUT OF WORK!

BUT I'LL GO OUT OF BUSINESS NOW..(SNIFF!).. I MAKE MY MONEY STICKING SIGNS UP! (SOB!) I'M FINISHED!
THAT IS SAD.. (SNIVVLE!).. VERY CRUEL AND SAD.. (BLUBBER!)


THAT'S MUCH BETTER... JUST WHAT WE NEED TO STOP THE TOWN GETTING PLASTERED WITH ADVERTISEMENTS!
HERE'S A REWARD FOR BEING A CLEVER FELLOW!
TITTER! TITTER!
STICK NO POSTERS
WHAT A MUG!

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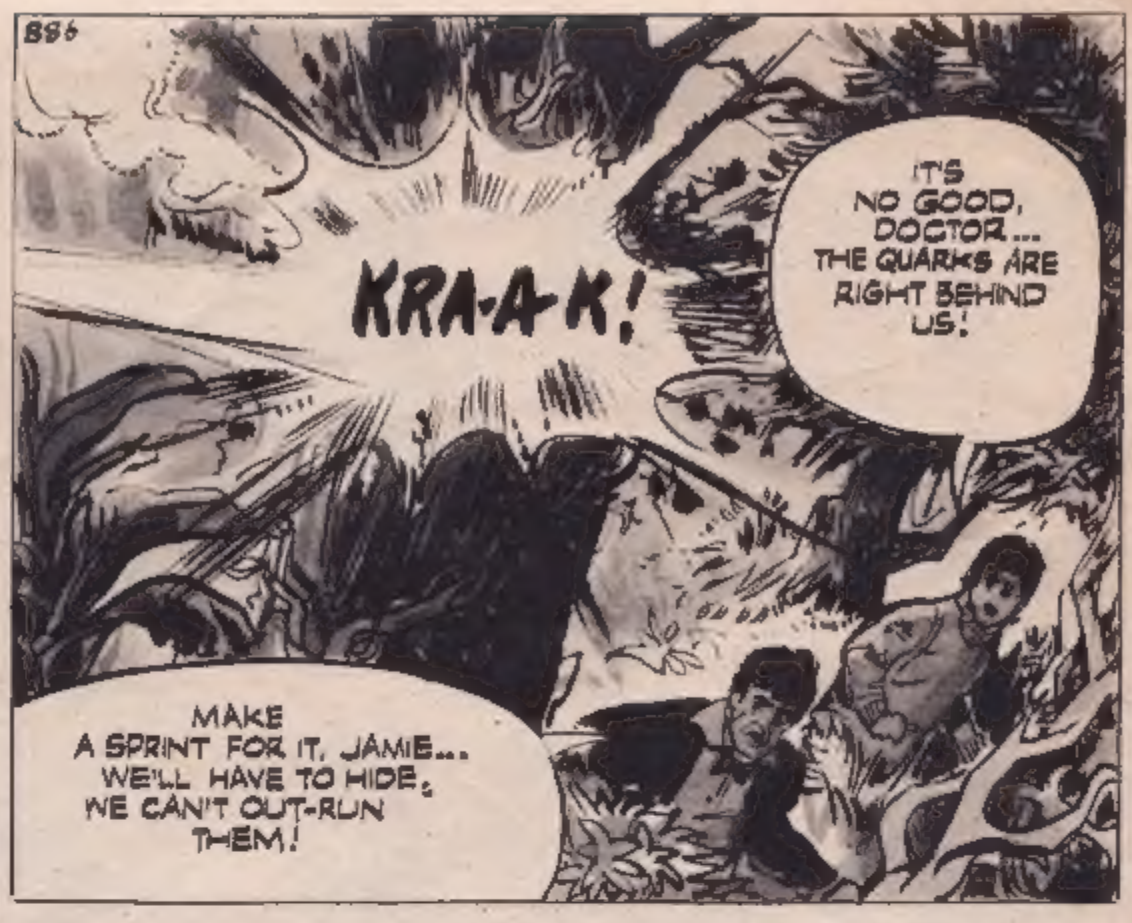
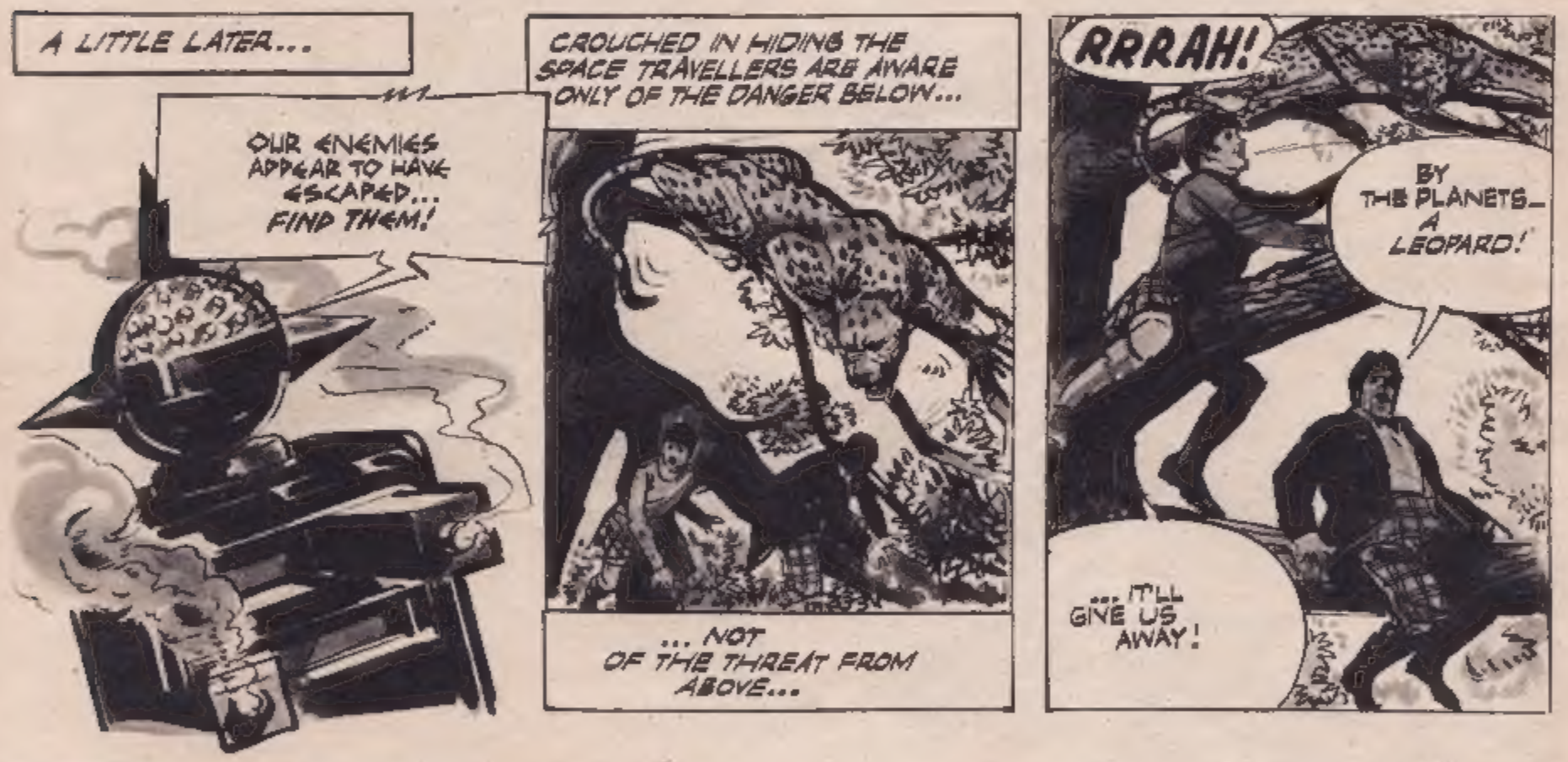
# Doctor WHO

DR. WHO and Jamie are running for their lives through a dense jungle pursued by their deadly enemies . . . the Quarks! Already the hideous robots have buried the Tardis under tons of rock and are now only a few yards behind the fleeing space travellers . . .





A LITTLE LATER...
OUR ENEMIES APPEAR TO HAVE ESCAPED... FIND THEM!
CROUCHED IN HIDING THE SPACE TRAVELLERS ARE AWARE ONLY OF THE DANGER BELOW...
... NOT OF THE THREAT FROM ABOVE...
RRRAH!
BY THE PLANETS— A LEOPARD!
... IT'LL GIVE US AWAY!

©BBC tv 1968

WHILE THE QUARKS DEAL WITH THE LEOPARD, WE'LL SLIP AWAY!

WITHIN HALF AN HOUR THE QUARKS ARE BACK ON THE SPACE TRAVELLERS' HEELS...

FASTER, JAMIE... THEY'RE GAINING ON US AGAIN!

JUST THEN, THE TWO FRIENDS BREAK INTO A LARGE CLEARING.

WORKMEN!...ENGAGED ON A JUNGLE CLEARING OPERATION!

THEY WON'T BE ANY HELP TO US AGAINST QUARKS!

RUN! YOUR LIVES ARE IN DANGER! RUN!

WHAT ON?..

HEY!

ESCAPE INTO THE JUNGLE!

MAKE FOR THE BULLDOZER AND THE EXCAVATOR, JAMIE...

... IT'S TIME TO STAND AND FIGHT!

OCH AYE, YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR!

PREPARE FOR A-C-T-I-O-N! FIRE!

THE DUEL IS ON!

**Mechanical monsters versus the power of the Quarks . . . Don't miss the outcome next week!**

# POPEYE

THAT HUNK DORY IS SPOILIN 'FER A FIGHT AND I IS GONNA GIVE HIM ONE !

DON'T YOU DARE LAY A FIST ON ANYONE AGAIN.. YOU'RE TOO FOND OF PUNCHING PEOPLE !

POPEYE IS A COWARD SAYS HUNK DORY

HUNK DORY!

HUNK DORY, WHERE IS YOU ?

...WHERE ARE YOU? ERK!

YIKE! WHAT'VE YOU DONE TO POPEYE ?

I'VE DRIVEN HIM INTO THE GROUND LIKE A TENT PEG! CHORTLE! CHORTLE! CHORTLE !

SOMETHING IS EATING INSIDE THAT BOULDER!

CRUNCH

GNAW

GNAW

MUST BE ROCK RATS!

WHATEVER IT IS... IT'S COMING THROUGH THE TOP !

CRUNCH

GNAW

CRUNCH

IT'S POPEYE... SAY SOMETHING, POPEYE !

BLUB!

POPEYE HAS A MOUTHFUL OF GRIT AND CAN'T SPEAK...

PHEWEEE

?

IT AIN'T POSSIBLE TO EAT THROUGH ROCK.. IT JUST AIN'T POSSIBLE!

WELL POSSIBLE OR IMPOSSIBLE.. I DID IT ! NOW PUT UP YOUR DUKES !

FAINT

IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

EH?

HE FAINTED! I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT, POPEYE... YOU FLATTENED HUNK DORY WITHOUT LAYING A FIST ON HIM !

GNNNN!

ARF! ARF! ARF!

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**Wimpy goes to the rescue of the Good Ship Hamburger next week!**